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No 19

Poetry.

MAIDEN BEAUTY.

Her hand's like a lily—
But just at the tip
It hath stolen a tint
Like the hue of her lip.
Her breath's like the morning,
When hyacinths blow;
Her feet leave a blessing
Wherever they go!
For each one she's something
To comfort or cheer;
When her perfume falls her wishes,
She gives them a tear!
Even the sound of her step
Seems to bring them relief;
And they bless that sweet face
Which speaks hope and glad grief.
Her mouth's like a rose-bud,
Just budding half through;
When it opens at morn
Amidst fragrance and dew;
And her heart is a dwelling
Where angels might rest,
And forget their own heaven
In that of her breast!

—CHARLES SWAIN.

Miscellany.

THE SMUGGLER.

BY THE REV. J. ARDREY.

In the month of January, eighteen hundred and — (no matter about the exact year), towards the close of a splendid Canadian winter's day, two men, dressed in the unpretending attire of the day, were returning homeward from their daily labour. They had been cutting and hewing timber for a dwelling-house, which was to be erected in the following spring at an extensive clearing that had recently been made upon a new farm.

From the general appearance of the more prominent figure of these two men, he might have been some fifty years or more. His stature, though somewhat lessened by a slight stoop, was above the ordinary scale. His stout, when straightened up, full six feet two in his stocking feet. His broad shoulders—his long and brawny arms—his muscular neck, revealed by the loose collar of his flannel shirt, gave promise of more than common strength; while the bold outline of his high and noble forehead, and the decisive cast of his countenance, together with a quick, unassuming, and penetrating eye, were unmistakable tokens of an active and powerful mind, well suited for the all but Herculean task under its influence and command.

The other, in whom might be traced some slight resemblance to his companion, was a young man of three or four and twenty years of age, with nothing either in his figure of bearing, worth notice, save and except a pleasing and rather interesting expression in his features, increased if not created by a shade of melancholy which seemed to have settled upon them, the cause of which will be developed in the course of my tale.

"No, Frank," said the elder of the two, "when this case is made" (the new house), "you'll have some pretty bird ready to put into it, I suppose, eh?"

"O yes," was the ready but by no means unembarrassed reply. "Little Nelly is to keep house for me—it's all settled." Little Nelly was his youngest and favourite sister.

"Stuff—nonsense!" exclaimed his companion. "What's to become of Fanny Reynolds? You may be thought that I didn't know all about it?"

"No more you do, uncle," returned his companion; and then went on to explain how the old man wouldn't give his consent until he had got his house furnished, and paid off the two instalments well due upon his farm: "although—Fanny thinks," he added, "that her father would pay one of them himself if I would make out the other, and she and her mother would manage about the principal part of the furniture; indeed she's got bedding and linen, and I don't know what besides her own already, enough to furnish two houses such as we want."

"So then, Frank, this is the trouble that has been making you look so down this while back? but why not tell me before? eh, lad?"

"Well, uncle, they say old folks don't feel for us young people in a scrape of this kind, and so we thought it best to keep it to ourselves and try and work it out in some way. It would take a couple of years, perhaps, and Fanny has consented to wait; but the old man wants her to wed that fellow Ned Warrap, and besides—in short, I don't know what to do."

"O, we'll manage it, never fear, boy—And as you cannot get the girl without the cash, why I must just make one more trip, that's all, although I did think never to make another. Smuggling! the old man confided, as if thinking aloud, "I don't like it—it's too right, and yet there's no very great harm in it after all, and everybody practices it when an opportunity offers; so I'll try it once more."

"Then let me go with you," said Frank, eagerly, "and if you have luck, uncle, you'll make two people happy."

"Say three, boy, say three; and as it's the last trip I'll ever make, you shall go with me, and with such ice as we now have, there's no time to be lost. So start for O—tomorrow morning—hire a man to take you across; get your eye on a couple of teams, and wait at Hiram Brown's till I come over to you."

With many expressions of the deepest gratitude, Frank Harris parted from his uncle that night; and the old man turned into his warm bed muttering sundry ejaculations, anything but complimentary to those setting themselves against his nephew's "love scrape," as he called it—intermingled with an occasional grin at the length of time the "old woman" took to arrange her domestic affairs, preparatory to resigning herself to the arms of Morpheus and the hardy old smuggler Humphrey Jackman.

While leaving the worthy couple to their repose, we will take a passing glance at the different localities, few though they be, with which my tale is concerned. This is the more necessary, as without some explanatory observations, the old smuggler's movements could not well be understood.

Humphrey Jackman's farm, or rather his nephew's, which was close by it, on which they had been at work, as already stated, was situated on the Canada side of the St. Lawrence, some twenty miles away from it in the "back woods." The road leading to it branched off at right angle from the front river road about six miles above the then flourishing town of P—, this road, after running about ten miles back, was crossed by another, and a tavern had been set up there called the "Four Corners," a name which was commonly abbreviated into "the Corners."

Opposite the small town of P—, on the Canada side of the river, was the much larger town of O—, on the United States' side. The locale of my story being in that section of the country where the great St. Lawrence forms the line of separation between the contiguous territories of the British and American governments—a space, as the intelligent reader will be aware, not much exceeding a hundred miles in length.

Between these two towns—in consequence of the facilities of communication with each other, afforded in summer by the stillness of the water, and by the ice in winter,—a considerable contraband trade has always been and is still carried on, with great fluctuations certainly, owing to the changes in the tariff of duties established by the respective governments, and the smugglers are found accordingly to belong to each of these towns by turns.

At the period to which my tale refers there was a heavy duty on the importation of tea into Canada, which doubled the price at which it could be procured in the States; hence the temptation on the part of the Canadians to smuggle it across the lines.

The town of O—, in the United States, was consequently the place to which Humphrey Jackman had determined to make his last smuggling trip, and had accordingly directed his nephew to proceed thither, as has been already stated, in order to aid him in bringing it to a successful issue. The result of his adventurous undertaking must be left for the sequel to develop.

Two days after the conversation already recorded, between the uncle and nephew, concerning the "love-scrape" of the latter, the burly and stalwart smuggler, Humphrey Jack, might have been seen at a store in the town of O—, busily engaged in carrying out bags, the contents of which would be easily guessed at by the initiated, but which everybody else would suppose to be filled with grain. His nephew Frank, as he called him, was there too, aiding and assisting in loading with these bags, two double sleighs at the door, to each of which a "span" of heavy horses were harnessed.

A light load of ten hundred each,—designedly light, for a span of horses, in case they might have to run for it, was soon completed; bonds or notes, with satisfactory endorsements, were signed, to secure the payment for the same, and all was ready for a start.

"Now, Frank," said the old man, "take your teams to Hiram Brown's shed, and give them a good feed, and start off exactly two hours from this—now mind the time," he added emphatically, "everything depends on this. I have given the rascally officer a hint of what I am up to, and I therefore expect to have a tussle with him; but he won't

trouble you, so good bye, and see to your teams, and Fanny will be yours yet, my boy, or my name's not Humphrey Jackman."

So saying he walked off, and in another hour was trotting quietly along the icy road across the river, in the clear moonlight. His sleigh, apparently loaded heavily with bags, was drawn by a span of powerful-looking grays, and he was whistling unconsciously as he jogged along, as if nothing of any material consequence depended upon his exertions and ingenuity.

We must now take the reader back to the other side of the river, to see what was going on, at the town of P—, where Humphrey Jackman's trip and the object of it had evidently got wind, and accordingly preparations had been made with the utmost care and precaution, for the reception on his return of the greatest smuggler the St. Lawrence had ever borne on its bosom.

Close under the shade of the wharf, a little higher up than where the road crossed the river, was a light "cutter" with two persons in it,—the excise officer himself and a sturdy-looking Irishman of great muscular power, who had apparently been selected for his strength alone. "This man formed a striking contrast to the crafty-looking little man beside him. But differing as they did in those physical qualifications, essentially necessary in such an encounter as they anticipated for Uncle Humphrey, as the smuggler was familiarly designated, could hardly have been found in the whole of that neighborhood.

There was the head to plan, and well instructed it was in all the tricks and doubles practised by the contraband traders; and there was a hand, and a powerful one it was, to execute.

Two double sleighs were stationed, one on the ice below the cross-road, and the other on the shore, in the street leading up from the wharf into the town. Each sleigh had in it two men and a driver. The whole party wrapped in shawls and furs still and silent as the grave, were patiently awaiting the return of the stout and stalwart smuggler.

"Hist! I hear him," said the officer, "that must be the creaking of his runners on the snow this cold night!" and, after listening a moment longer, to make certainty doubly sure, he added, addressing his companion more directly, "Now, Tim, mind and have your hands about you."

"Devil a fear, your honor," was the curt and ready reply; "this capers won't be no use to the villain, an' Tim Machon once gets a grip on him."

There! sure enough, was the smuggler. He was coming steadily along at a brisk trot, and had arrived within fifty yards of the party, without apparently being aware of the danger he was running into.

He reached the dock branching off up the river, into which he half turned his horses, and then suddenly pulled up, as if for the purpose of reconnoitering, for he seemed earnestly to peer into the dark shadows of the wharves and houses before him.

There was a death-like pause, of intense interest, when the smuggler, as if the dark outline of some indefinable object had caught his eye and awakened his suspicions, moved on a few paces farther up the road, until he was nearly abreast of the officer, when he again brought his team to a stand-still.

As he did so, the excise man, fearing his prey, which he now considered within his grasp, would get beyond his reach, darted out of his hiding-place and made a dash at him, shouting at the same time—

"After him, my men! now's your time, and we have him!"

"More easily said than done," coolly retorted the smuggler, as he triumphantly cracked his whip over his gallant grays, as if in defiance of the threatened danger, when they started off up the river at a pace, which, for some time at least, kept his pursuers at a respectful distance.

On they went at a fiery gallop. The smuggler and the cutter, having distanced the other sleighs, had the race all to themselves; but after a mile or so, the weight of the smuggler's load, or the superior bottom of the excise man's horse began to tell, for the distance between them was rapidly decreasing, and anon the cutter got close up to the sleigh, when the officer called upon Humphrey to stop; but he only answered by applying the whip to his horses and giving to them an exclamation of encouragement.

Perceiving that it was the smuggler's determination to persist to the last, the officer urged his horse to his utmost speed and succeeded in getting abreast of the old man.

"Now, Tim!" whispered the officer to his companion; "now's your time!" and the man making a spring out of the cutter, threw himself on the loaded sleigh behind the smuggler, shouting as he did so, "Hurrah! now we have him!"

But his triumph was short. Old Humphrey was roused at last. Now was the time

for action, and well did he use it. Dropping his reins upon his load and turning half round, but without stopping his horses or slackening their speed, as the Irishman sprang at him, he bent his head without raising, and seizing him with both arms round the legs, he jerked him over the side of the sleigh head foremost upon the glacier, with such violence as to render him completely senseless. Then raising his heavy whip he struck the officer's horse, which had fallen slightly behind, such a blow on the head as prostrated him beside the discomfited Irishman.

Almost frantic with the excitement of the chase, and enraged at his disappointment in thus losing his prey when he had him all but within his grasp, the excise man got up his horse as soon as possible, and again started in pursuit of the smuggler, leaving his man to be picked up by the other sleighs as they came along after him. He soon overtook him, but having now obtained the land, where the road was narrow and the snow deep, it was almost impossible to pass or even to get abreast of him; and old Humphrey, being aware of this, had slackened his pace to a good round trot.

Again the officer hailed him to stop, but no notice whatever was taken of the summons; exasperated at the pertinacity of the smuggler, he, as a last resource, drew a pistol from his pocket, and told him to stop or he would bring him up with a vengeance.—But Humphrey Jackman was not the man to be intimidated by such a threat.

"You know me," said he turning round at last to confront his pursuer, and if you shoot a horse of mine, why I am counted a pretty good shot out our way; and if you want to speak to me I am going to pull up at the 'Corners,' five miles on, and no man living shall stop me before that."

So saying, he turned on his load, and did not even deign to look at his antagonist for a moment to see in what manner his very significant speech had been received.

Twice did the angry and baffled officer raise the deadly weapon and cover the flank of one of the smuggler's gallant grays, when he got a fair sight at a turn in the road.—But Humphrey Jackman was well known to be a daring and determined man; and now that the stake was great and his blood was up, there was no saying to what length his passion might carry him; so thinking it more prudent to wait they should reach the "Corners," he showed no further disposition to arrest his progress.

By the time they arrived at the tavern the party had been increased by the coming up of the two sleighs which had been left far behind at the headlong commencement of the chase, but had overtaken them, owing to the more moderate pace at which, for the last five or six miles they had been travelling.

The officer proceeded instantly to make a formal seizure in the King's name of the team and load; he had been too well informed of the nature of its contents to think for a moment of examining it; while Humphrey was coolly busying himself in fastening his horses and providing them with a little hay and a warm covering. The latter, from their heated state, was much needed. He did not utter a single word, till one of the men, clapping him on the back, jeeringly said to him, "Well, uncle, when are you going to give us another chance like this?"

"Better see," he replied, as he turned with an ambiguous and contemptuous smile towards his load; "better see what you've got this time, lad."

"What's that?" exclaimed the officer, his suspicions, already aroused by the apathy and unconcerned air and manner of the smuggler, becoming all but confirmed by his sneering and contemptuous remark; and springing to the sleigh he tore open the first bag he could get hold of, and thrust in his hand, but instantly drew it out again with a deep oath.

Uncle Humphrey laughed outright at the rage and disappointment of the keen and cunning little officer, the more especially when he heard him exclaim to his companions:—

"By heavens, men, we are done, with a vengeance! here is nothing but chopped straw! But empty all the bags," he continued, "and see if there be nothing else in them."

The bags were instantly thrown out of the sleigh and emptied on the snow; but not a grain of the contraband article was there.—The officer and men looked at one another for a moment, with blank countenances. At length one of them remarked, that he would have other teams coming on with the tea, and they had better hasten back as quick as possible.

"Old Humphrey is not the man to make such a blunder," replied the officer, "as to leave us a single chance now of finding his tea. No, no! I'll warrant you it's safe by this time as the most secret recesses in some of the most respectable merchants' stores in P— can make it."

There was no harm, however, in according to his man's suggestion—they had to return at any rate; so, leaving old Humphrey to gather up his empty bags, he turned his horse and followed by the two sleighs, drove rapidly back in the direction of P—; and when they got there, the whole town was in a state of the most perfect repose and not a trace of the tea was to be found.

Frank Harris went to bed that night with a lighter heart than had been his for many a long and weary day.

Not so with the uncle. He had been an habitual smuggler, it is true, in his younger days, but had long ago given it up, not from a thorough conviction of its criminality; that had yet to be effected by a simple country girl, despite the influential examples of magistrates, church-wardens, elders, and clergymen; but from a belief, rather ill-defined than otherwise, that although not very strong, it was not exactly right. These misgivings, notwithstanding the success of his present adventure, and his triumph over the excise officer, still more confirming, made his pillow an uneasy one, and kept him awake for more than half the remaining portion of that eventful night, and he resolved once more never to engage in smuggling again.

A certain place is said to be paved with good resolutions; and although some remains of one of Uncle Humphrey's may be found there, not entirely obliterated by his nephew's distress, yet, I defy the utmost magnificence of the dark spirit itself, that presides over it, to point out the other.

The young man's reflections, when he awoke in the morning, with the bright sun shining through his bedroom window fall upon his face, were very similar to those of his uncle. (One and both had been hurried, as it were, into the act by a single and all-absorbing consideration—the relief of his distressing exigencies. If they had been unfortunate in their enterprise, ten to one they had ever thought of anything but their failure; but successful to reflection, and reflection—through the instrumentality of Fanny Reynolds, who had been brought up under the advantage, the inestimable advantage, of a pious mother's instructions—led to conviction; but we are anticipating.)

The proceeds of Humphrey Jackman's last trip proved to be more abundant than even the sanguine hopes of the young man had anticipated; and before a month had elapsed a large and merry party were assembled to celebrate the nuptials of Frank Harris and the girl of his heart.

Were my tale a mere fiction, the wedding would be its natural and appropriate conclusion; but truth compels me to add, that both uncle and nephew, although their object had been accomplished, were anything but satisfied with their conduct in this nefarious transaction.

"It's not right, Frank! it's not right!" the old man would shake his head and say to his nephew, when they were working together in the field by themselves. "I had frequently been guilty of smuggling before," he would add, on such occasions, "but they seized a pair of horses of mine, worth as much or more than all I'd made, and my conscience cried quits with them and I gave it up; but this last offence—I'm not easy in my mind about it.—Frank, I cannot sleep nights for thinking on't. It's the devil's wages, Frank, and can never come to good."

Frank's feelings were an exact transcript of his uncle's; but what could he do, make restitution? The money was sunk and not at his command. He tried to borrow it on a mortgage on his farm, but could not succeed. At length, some three or four years subsequent to his marriage, his wife's father died, and left him ample means to make restitution, and he did make it, with interest thereon, to the utter astonishment of their bewildered friends, the collector of customs, and to the infinite joy and satisfaction of his good old uncle.

A Tippler who quanted awfully, used sometimes to mourn that his eyes did not agree.

"It's lucky for you," once said a friend of his, "for if your eyes had been matches, your nose would have set them on fire long ago."

Lord Bacon once wrote, "You may observe that among all the great and worthy persons there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love, which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion."

A Gypsy promised to show two young ladies their husband's faces in a pair of water. They looked and exclaimed, "Why, we only see our own faces."

"Well, those faces will be your husbands' when you are married," said the gypsy.

When Sir Henry Rivers took orders a friend told him he would become a bishop. "Indeed," said Sir Henry, "why so?" "Because rivers invariably go to the sea."

FROM THE STATES.
BANGOR, May 7.
Reported that army of Potomac passed through wilderness, including old Chancellorsville battle ground, reaching open plain. Many believe Grant flanked Lee and is between him and Richmond.
Some troops remain this side of Rapidan including nearly all colored troops.
Beauregard is at Petersburg with thirty thousand men.
Latest from Red River is that Admiral Porter finding it impossible to get iron clad Eastport off, ordered her destruction. Two transports also destroyed.
Reported that Gen. Steele returned to Little Rock, followed and harassed by Price.
At Sabine Fork latter was repulsed after a severe fight.
Marmaduke reported on way to join Price, and it is supposed they intend to attack Little Rock.
Banks was at Alexandria but would probably move towards the Mississippi.
Flour, 10 cents lower. Gold 171.
May 9.
All reports from front indicate success of movements of Army of Potomac, and severe battle on Friday.
Washington Republican's Extra says Grant buried his entire army against Lee on Friday, driving him three miles, leaving three thousand killed and ten thousand wounded in Federal hands. Federal loss stated from 6 to 8,000.
Tribune's despatch reports 5,000 prisoners taken on Thursday.
Butler is reported active and successful up the Peninsula, destroying a road between Richmond and Petersburg, latter place being burnt and abandoned by enemy.
Sherman moving at Chancellorsville, passing Tunnel Hill without opposition.
Enemy taken position north of Dalton.
Gen. Steele arrived at Little Rock.
New York, May 9.
Washington Republican Extra states Gen. Grant's official despatches received. Claims a great victory.
The Rebels are retreating in direction of Spottsylvania, pursued by Grant.
Butler has badly defeated Beauregard.
Union Generals Wadsworth killed, and Webb wounded.
Rebel Generals Jones and Jenkins killed; Pickett and Hunter wounded.
It is believed that combinations are on foot which will prevent escape of Lee's army from Virginia and bring disastrous defeat as well as place in our possession Rebel capital.

NEW YORK, May 4.—The Philadelphia Inquirer has a despatch from its correspondent at Baltimore, which says a deserter just from Richmond, and who has taken the oath of allegiance, states that he has been all through Lee's fortifications and says they are very strong and cannot be taken from the front. Lee's whole army does not exceed 80,000 men. Their food and clothing is bad but better than heretofore. The rebel officers and leaders pretend to be sanguine of success, but the rank and file disheartened and less hopeful. The rebel cavalry horses are unable to stand fatigue. Only the fear of being outflanked, the desertion of thousands of rebel privates. They want peace on any terms. Lee fears most an attack in the rear of being outflanked. Preparations were seen in Richmond for removing the archives of the Government further South. The whole city is in a terrible excitement.
WASHINGTON, May 4.—Major Gen. Meade, commanding the army of the Potomac, has issued the following important order:—
HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, May 2d, 1864.
GENERAL ORDERS, No. 33.
The Commanding General has learned, that notwithstanding the caution contained in General Order No. 22, April 25, 1864, from these Headquarters, there are men in the army who refuse to do duty on the ground that their term of service has expired. It will be made known to such men that their conduct being open mutiny, they will be punished with death without trial unless they return to duty, and hereafter any soldier who refuses to do duty on a similar plea will instantly be shot without any form of trial whatever. The honor of the service and the necessities of the hour admit of no other disposition of such cases.
The Commanding General again expresses the hope that the soldiers of this army will respectfully ask for cheerfully abide by the decision of the War Department with respect to their term of service; and he has no further word or warning for those who at a time like the present choose to defy authority.
Corps and other independent Commanders are charged with the execution of this Order.
By command of Major Gen. Meade,
S. WILLIAMS, Assistant Adj. Gen.

FAMILY QUARREL.—Governor Vance and Jeff Davis are having a personal quarrel over the blockade running steamer Advance, which belongs to the State of North Carolina, and makes regular trips between Wilmington and Nassau. Davis insists that these North Carolina steamers shall carry part of their cargoes at Government prices and sell them at the same rate. Vance informs Davis that as these steamers belong to the State of North Carolina and enter a North Carolina port and bring clothing and supplies to her troops, he (Davis) can have no voice in the matter. Vance says that these steamers have not only enabled him to discharge the indebtedness of North Carolina, besides adding a surplus of several millions to the State Treasury.

THE QUEEN VICTORIA.—The Queen of England, says McKenzie, has discharged every indebtedness of the Duke of Kent, her father, who died when she was only nine months old. Victoria has no debts. She pays her way as an honest woman should, and in this acts an example to her subjects. She is distinguished not only for her provident habits, but also for the liberality which they give her the means of exercising. Only the other day she sent £1,000 to the fund for the relief of the sufferers by inundation at Sheffield, caused by the bursting of the great water reservoir. She has an income tax which, including £25,000 from the Duchy of Lancaster and the Parliamentary grant of £285,000, amounts to £310,000 per annum, or somewhat over \$2,000,000 of our money—rather more just now as her income is payable in the Bank of England notes of gold.

OUTRAGE ON A BRITISH SUBJECT.—Mr. John Towell, an Englishman, has just arrived in this city, driven by Federal tyranny from his family and home in Nashville, Tennessee. Mr. Towell, it seems, incurred the displeasure of the Federal Government by representing murder as an unsoldierly crime. He gave expression to this sentiment on the occasion of the internment of an old citizen of Nashville who had been murdered by three Federal soldiers when attempting, in the middle of the night to save his property from their depredations. For this grave offence Mr. Towell was first imprisoned seven months in the Nashville Penitentiary, and then on the 9th of June last banished in pursuance of the following order, which though bearing date the 8th was not put into his hand until about twenty minutes before he was marched off by an escort of soldiers, without being allowed to go home, even under guard to take leave of his family or procure money or clothing for the journey he was thus compelled to undertake.
"Provost Marshal's Office,
Nashville, Tenn., 8th June, 1863.
"To Mr. John Towell,
"You will take notice that you will be required to go South of the Federal lines within one day from date.
JOHN A. MARLIN,
Colonel and Prov. Marshal.
"JOHN CONOVER, Capt. Com. Guard."
The attention of Her Majesty's Government has been called to the case, and if, as is alleged, no charge has ever been made by the Federal authorities against Mr. T., and not even a trial accorded him, we do not see how the Government can overlook so flagrant an outrage on the rights of a British subject.
We understand Mr. Towell will deliver a lecture in the Hall of the Mechanic's Institute on Thursday evening next, when he will give some interesting details, illustrating the endurance of the Southern people under their present trials, and their great and accumulating resources for continuing the war. We bespeak for him a large attendance of our citizens.—[Courier.

COLLEGE HONORS TO NEW BRUNSWICK.—We have seen a letter from Edinburgh to a gentleman in this city, from which we learn that Messrs. Holden, Fairweather, McLaren and Allison have obtained medals in chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, being first class honors, and that Mr. Hewston, in the same department, has received a certificate, giving second class honors. We have mentioned the names of the medalists in the order of merit as attested by the marks obtained by each. Mr. Holden obtained 84, Mr. Fairweather 83, Mr. McLaren 82 3/4, Mr. Allison 75. None of these gentlemen were first on the entire list of honors, one student having got 94, (the maximum is 100), but their success reflects high honor on themselves and on New Brunswick. Prince Alfred was present at the presentation, and the students took leave of him by noisy but affectionate demonstrations.—[Col. Presbyterian.

A CONFEDERATE OFFICER'S FUNERAL.—The remains of the late Major J. Smith Sansburn, of the Confederate Artillery, who recently came hither from Bermuda for the benefit of his health, but died on Tuesday night last, were interred this afternoon in the Camp Hill Cemetery. The funeral procession was quite large and highly respectable. It was attended by the officers of the Confederate steamer in port, and a great number of citizens. The Rev. Mr. Bullock, Rector of St. Luke's, and Dr. W. J. Almon, preceded the corpse to the Cemetery, and the former officiated at the grave. A long line of carriages closed the melancholy cortege. In the leading one of which was the Rev. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Charleston, S. C., who was accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Power. Many of the vessels in port set their ensigns at half mast.—[Halifax Reporter.

E. AND N. A. RAILWAY.—The following are the traffic receipts for the month of April, 1864, compared with the corresponding period last year:—
1864. 1863.
Passengers, \$3,897 32 \$3,952 95
Freight, 5,445 36 5,826 78
Mails and Sundries, 462 80 625 37
Totals, \$9,805 48 \$10,405 10
Decrease, \$599 62.
We have received from the Manager of the N. B. & C. Railway, bearing date "May 2," which gives the traffic receipts for April 1863 and 1864, respectively as follows:
Passengers, \$688 73 976 52
Freight, 4126 12 5224 36
Totals, \$4814 85 \$6200 88
Increase 1864, \$1386 03.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF THE REVENUE collected at the Port of St. Andrews for the quarter ending 30th April, in 1863 and 1864:—
1863. 1864.
Railway Import, \$302 18 \$293 72
Imports, 2972 74 2296 65
Exports, 11 28 54 77
Bay Fundy Light, 89 85 201 25
S. & D. Seamen's Dut., 16 25 49 70
Buoys and Beacons, 7 70 28 18
Totals, \$3200 03 \$2894 27
Increase in 1864, \$394 24.

The Standard.

ST. ANDREWS, MAY 11, 1864.

THE UNION OF THE COLONIES appears to gain strength among those most interested. It is a question of magnitude, and will require all the political and economic knowledge of our public men to perfect. On what basis the proposed union is to be effected is not yet clearly defined; whether it is to be a federal union, each province possessing a separate legislature, or a union of the provinces under one general parliament and one government is yet unknown. In the maritime provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island there is a reputed intention of uniting themselves together and leaving Canada with its vast extent of territory, resources, and debt to take care of herself. Under all the circumstances, it is unlikely so important a measure will be carried without something more being done than the subject undergoing discussion among the respective governments. The inhabitants of each province will no doubt be appealed to, public meetings called, the matter discussed, and the opinions of the people ascertained, before any thing final will be agreed to.
What is required at present by the lower Province, so called, is simply a uniform tariff, currency, and so far as practicable, uniform laws such as exist between the Northern States. But if we are to profit by the present condition of affairs in the States, no assimilation to such a Federal Union as they pretend to have, should be entertained for a moment.

GARIBOLDI, after a fortnight's stay in England which was a series of ovations, left his hospitable shores on the 21st ult., for his island home in Capri. His reception and stay in England was most enthusiastic and hearty, so much so, that he could not accept a title of the generous hospitality extended to him. The report that his return was hastened by the Government through French influence was unequivocally denied by Lord Clarendon in the House of Lords, and Lord Palmerston in the Commons—in fact they stated that the Government would not have listened to any such interference for a moment. Before leaving, Gen. Garibaldi delivered a most affectionate address to the people and government, in which he thanked them for the reception he met with in that "free land." He hoped at a future time to return to see his "friends in the domestic life of England, and to reclaim some of his engagements.

MR. ANDERSON launched, on Monday last, a new ship named the "Island Light," of 650 tons. She glided gracefully from the ways into the water, and was towed to the Market Wharf, where her outfit will be completed. The vessel is owned by Capt. McAfee, (who is to command her), and others in St. John, and is finished in the first style.

THE WEATHER has not as yet been favorable for farming operations, owing to the frequent falls of rain; the grass, however, has started, and the fields look green.

THE COUNTY ACCOUNTS for 1863, are published on the fourth page. The County Treasurer's remarks with reference to Auctioneers, deserve attention; as an Order passed April Sessions, 1860, requires Auctioneers within ten days after the 1st May, in each year to pay the Co. Treasurer \$8, and for neglecting to do so, shall forfeit \$80, to be recovered with costs in the name of the Co. Treasurer, upon conviction of having acted without having complied with the order.

ADVICES from the Cape de Verdes verify the previous accounts of suffering from famine caused by recent droughts in the islands. The population of the two islands of Brava and St. Thome amounts to about 70,000, and for this population there were only 60 bags of rice. The effects of the drought had overwhelmed both man and beast, and those who were subsisting on the

bank of the banana tree, and the flesh of animals, which, in this country, are considered vermin. Although rain had fallen, the seeds sown in the earth were too much parched to sprout, and although the pastures were becoming green, and there were no cattle to feed on them—all had died for want of food and water.

MR. GREENLEAF HOUTON has been appointed American Consular Agent at this port, in place of Mr. B. L. Chadbourne.

ITEMS.

As the Europa was leaving Cunard's wharf on Saturday last for Boston, one of the passengers, who stayed on shore till the last moment, arrived just as the steamer started. In attempting to jump on board, his leg got jammed between the steamer and the wharf, and was literally crushed to a jelly. He was taken to the Halifax Hotel, where the limb was amputated above the knee, and he was in a fair way of recovery.

Ten fishing schooners which set sail from Gloucester are supposed to have been lost off George's in the late severe storm. The value of the property thus destroyed amounts to nearly \$60,000. But what is infinitely worse is the loss of the lives of 78 men, who leave behind them 31 widows and 58 fatherless children.

A dispatch dated at Trieste on the 22d of April says: "Advises received from Constantinople state that in battle between the Circassians and Russians, on the 1st inst., the former lost two thousand and the latter fifteen hundred men."

One of the editors of the Oskaloosa (Iowa) Times recently fell heir, through the death of his wife's brother, to an estate valued at one half million of dollars. This valuable estate lies in Nevada, and consists of rich silver claims, said to be among the richest in the Territory.

The whole family of Mr. McMann, living in Tazport, Penn., were burnt to death on the night of the 8th ult., by the destruction of his house. The father, mother and four children, perished.

The Portland Argus says it is estimated that goods to the value of \$100,000 have been taken from the wreck of the steamship "Bohemian" in a surreptitious manner, upon which the Government loses \$20,000 in duties, and the unfortunate owners the property a still larger amount. J. M. Berbe & Co., of Boston, had \$75,000 worth of stock on board, upon which there was not a penny of insurance.

Portable equatorials have been constructed by William C. Burder, which may be carried in the pocket. Two little graduated circles only are necessary, and yet it never fails in enabling an observer to find an object in the field of view, even in the daytime.

J. D. Lewin, Esq., has been re-elected President of the Bank of N. B.; he was voted \$2000 for his services during the past year. Hon. A. McL. Seely has been chosen President of the Commercial Bank, D. J. McLoughlin, Esq., having declined re-election; the latter was voted \$1600 for his past year's services.

The Presque Isle Sunrise says that nearly all the type setting of that paper is done by one young woman, besides making up the form and preparing the paper for press.

A man in Lovell, Orford county, Me., made this year a few gallons of good syrup from the sap of white birch.

The Shubenacadie Canal property was put up at public auction at Halifax last week at an upset price of £11,000, but there were no bidders. Such is the lack of the great concern for some time agitated Nova Scotia as much as the railroads have done—that its advocates predicted would be the source of immense wealth to the Province—and that entailed a large debt upon the country.

Cat has been discovered in inexhaustible quantities in Punjab. It has been tried on the Punjab railway, and has proved to be excellent fuel.

Nine Cardinal hats are reported vacant at present time. Pope Pius IX. has, during his reign, created 15 Cardinals, and seen 65 disappear from the world.

Victoria is engaged in writing her memoirs, and leaves to the Prince and Princess of Wales the fatigues of levees and drawing rooms.

The five great lakes of North America have lately been surveyed, and it is found that they cover an area of 90,000 square miles. The total length of the five lakes is 1,334 miles.

In a recent debate in the English House of Lords, it was stated that the American claims against England, for depredations by the Alabama, amounted to two millions of pounds sterling.

It is announced in English journals that the problem how to make paper economically from wood fibre has been solved, and that the speedy result will be a great diminution in the cost of all kinds of paper.

Chicago claims to be the greatest fur market in the world, and supports the claim by the following list of furry animals killed this season:—3,500 buffaloes, 850 bears, 1,650 red foxes, 28,000 mink, 250,000 muskrats, 2,258 otters, 540 fishers, 1,600 martens, 79 cross fox, and 3,500 wolves.

The French now make bonnets out of Indian rubber painted to imitate Leghorn braid.

Nine negro officers stationed at Fortress Monroe resigned their commissions—the President ordered them to be remanded to their regiments, and serve out their time as private soldiers.

In Philadelphia, one out of every thirty-five who get married, sues for a divorce. —Wilkes, the great Trent hero has been court martialled and suspended for three years by the Federal Navy Department. A contemporary very aptly remarks, "had they done so when he first outraged the recognized Law of Nations, instead of patting him on the head and calling him 'a second Nelson' they would have avoided a great deal of the trouble and censure which have followed."

The Fredericton City Council is macadamizing some of the principal thoroughfares in that city, a work which has not been attempted for the past twenty years.

The well known optician, Duboseq has succeeded in producing the effect of zig-zag lightning on the stage, with peculiar blue color, by means of a concave mirror, in the process of which are the two carbon poles of a powerful battery nearly in contact. When the mirror is rapidly moved by the hand, and the poles touch for a brief interval, a dazzling beam of light is thrown across the stage precisely like a flash of lightning.

The Revenue realized at the port of St. John as gazetted for April, 1864, exceeds that of April, 1863, by \$40,477 41. The totals are—\$62,384 96 and \$103,062 37.

One firm pays the N. Y. Times \$200,000 a year for advertising.

The cradle in which Rufus Choate was rocked, in his infancy, has been given to the Baltimore Fair.

The Bury (England) Times says that such is the demand for passage to the United States that no engagement can now be made in any steamer for New York until near the end of May.

A reporter of the Poughkeepsie Sanitary Fair tells this story: "Passing through one of the balls a placard caught my eye:—'Representation of a bona fide Historical event: persons taken in for ten cents.' I smiled. A young lady pulled a bone across a huge piece of ham rind, which she was pleased to inform me represented Bonaparte crossing the Rhine."

The editor of the Portland Advertiser mentions having seen at the Kennebec depot in that city, one day last week, seventeen barrels of spruce gum, in its native state from Franklin County. A large number of men and boys are engaged in gathering it in the woods.

A firm in Farmington have made over a ton of maple candy this year. They tapped over 1200 trees, and have made nearly all they say into candy, selling it as fast as made for 22 to 24 cents per pound, according to the kind—the "worked" selling for twenty-four cents.

It is confidently anticipated abroad that at no remote period photography will be advanced so far as to be able to give to the eye the various colors of the objects it represents. The colors of the spectrum have been produced on a silver plate immersed in a solution of chlorine, but the effect is but transitory. Fixation is now the great object of which many eminent operators are in search.

Mrs. Stevens, the authoress, has organized a league in Washington, pledged to rigid economy, and the members of which dispense entirely with foreign finery.

The laborers who have been receiving \$3 a day in Portland for discharging vessels, have struck for \$4.

It is regarded as somewhat significant that at a McClellan mass meeting in the 8th ward, New York, resolutions were passed censuring Congress for censuring Hon. Alsen Long of Ohio, for his recent speech in favor of recognizing, as an alternative, the independence of the Southern Confederacy.

The dove was the first newspaper carrier, when one morning it went out and fetched a leaf for Noah. It contained a paragraph on the weather and told that the heavy rainstorm had subsided.

The Maine Farmer says that furloughed soldiers in that State, from time to time, as their furloughs expire, manage to get them extended by obtaining certificates of disability from some physician of the town. The "Farmer" adds:

"The writer mentions the case of one person, who enlisted two years ago, who is now at home on furlough, doing his business as well as any other able-bodied man, drawing pay from the government, and obtaining State aid for his family. Another man, as soon as his furlough expires is sure to be taken suddenly ill with rheumatism in the legs, but is able to walk six miles, and back after his day's work is done, for the purpose of getting his furlough extended."

They had another snow storm in western Massachusetts on Wednesday last. Sleighing never was better, and snow banks three feet deep are still quite plenty.

Large meetings to right the wrongs of sewing women have been held in Philadelphia, and the participants met with sympathy from all of a humane disposition.

A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.
A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.
A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Dr. Radway's Pills have granted me a new lease of life. For fifteen years I have suffered with Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Indigestion. I have taken a cart-load of pills of different make, but the relief afforded by their operation was at the cost of severe suffering from Piles. I had stopped taking these pills one week, the old difficulty would trouble me. I at last struck a vein of gold, in Radway's Pills—the first dose acted so differently from all other pills, that I hoped for a cure—six boxes made a man of me; I am completely cured. No straining, no piles, no weakness followed their use, I gained strength with their use. I have not taken any physic for over a year, and am as rugged, strong and hearty as a bear.

JAMES W. FORDICK,
Clinton Town, Clinton Co., N. Y.
Sold by Druggists.

We did not receive a copy of the Standard of April 30. Will our readers kindly make up the deficiency by sending one number of his journal?

LATEST NEWS.

Following Special Despatches:
May 9th, is to Philadelphia.
Messenger has come in from Philadelphia.
on Saturday Gen. Hancock
tires on the Spotsylvania road
by Burnside, when he held his
On Sunday morning battle
We drove rebels down to the
rebel army falling back by night
even in every direction, though
born resistance.
This morning we put artillery
messenger, left heavy cannon
Gold 169 1/2. American go

Judge Botsford, of
denoe, near Saville, on
was in the 92d year of his
22 years on the bench, a
resigned over 20 years ago
member of the House of
at one time, we believe, S

SHATTERED.

At Boston on the 26th
F. D. Huntington, D. D.
terson, of London, Eng.
youngest daughter of Mr.
of St. Andrews, N. B.

DICTIONARY.

At George H. Perley's
the 3rd inst. Lt. Col. I
late of the 30th Regiment
of his age.

SHIP LIST.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS.
ARRIVE.
April 25.—Sch. Albert, Com.
Ac. master
26.—Sch. Frank, Thompson
G. Houlton.
Sch. Woodstock, Coats, Bos.
ton.
Bge. Lyman Cann, Lewis,
F. Clinch.
27.—Sch. Boreas, Brown,
plaster, S. Carey.
28.—Matilda, Stinson, St.
29.—Pilot, McMaster, East.
30.—Sch. Benjamin, W. S.
May 4.—Ship Emma, Bro.
dries.
Sch. Emma, Johnson, East.
J. W. Street & Son.
5.—Ship Matilda, Stinson.
Sch. Father, W. Clark, Bos.
7.—Sch. Harriet, P. Britt.
Sch. Harrie, Hunt, Boston.
10.—Emma Pemberton, J.
cargo.

CLEAR.
April 26.—Sch. Charles
sleepers, R. Ross.
Sch. Emma Pemberton, J.
27.—Sch. Only, Only, Mel.
30.—Sch. Fanny, Melrose.
Stevens.
Sch. Albert, Cogswell, W.
F. Clinch.
Only Son, Mowatt, Portland.
Utica, Melrose, Coram.
cous.
May 2.—Jane, Clark, Bos.
Woodstock, Coats,
Lumber, B. F. Kelly.
Sch. Benjamin, Coram.
M. Gove.
Sch. Oliver, W. Melrose.
Ross and J. W. Street &
9.—Pige, Robert Leona,
Roads, deils, C. C. F. Co.

JOHN B. F. CO.

Shipbroker and Co.

South Side Mail.

Respectfully solicits a share
an extensive experience, etc.
IN Store and for sale a co
Provisions, Dry and P
the celebrated Albion Co
with Lamps, Chimneys, an
will be sold at the lowest
Also, 20 Barrels Choice
Exporters of Lumber
with wharfage to any exte
wharf in the Port, at mode
lar attention will be given
entrusted to his care.
Masters of Vessels will
to give him a call.
St. Andrews, May 11, 1864.

Received per Steam.

CLOCKS.

ASSORTED SIZES.

THIRTY HOUR AND E

best American manufact

LOOKING GLASS

in variety; strong

St. Andrews, May 10,

A CAUTION.

TO THE

MILITARY AND NA

FEEL great pleasure

and customers that

6th inst. I shall be prepa

auto orders in Millinery

which I feel assured

in a satisfactory man

the services of a first

in soliciting the patrona

and a trial from everybo

in a fashionable and ar

Mrs.

Original issues in Poor Condition

Best copy available

